

With motion pictures in the schools, who would not be a child again?

Horse shows will never pass away with the consent of the dressmakers.

"Ball players wanted at Panama." A good battery could dig in and make a hit.

They are going to try coasting down hill on aeroplanes bobsleds in Massachusetts.

That pastor who's going to get a chicken shower must hope that they won't be Rocks.

A Wellesley girl has been expelled for getting married. That's a fine state of affairs!

A New York man has been declared insane because he couldn't play bridge. Oh you happy lunatic!

A Chicago university professor reiterates that the sun is growing cold. Must have exhausted itself last summer.

A highwayman held up three Detroit women and robbed them. Two mail files and a powder-rag constituted his reward.

Aviation costumes will be needed next season, and every dressmaker knows such costumes must have elastic necks.

One way to conserve the pine forests is to adopt iron or steel as the proper material for telegraph and electric light poles.

A young couple was married in an auto running at 60 miles an hour. This was marriage in haste and no doubt a real joy ride.

A poets' union has been organized in New York. Only poets who can write poetry which nobody will understand are to be eligible.

Kansas City now bans fireworks. Next July it will doubtless issue a recommendation that people buy their Christmas presents early.

One of the daring aviators boasted because he crossed the Delaware in an aeroplane. What would George Washington say to that?

Evidently we are not growing better as fast as we should. A new federal penitentiary, to cost \$3,000,000, is to be built at Atlanta.

There is said to be a craze in Europe for things American, even American slang. But most American slang is nothing to go crazy about.

While it is true that an aviator has flown from ship to shore, yet people are not yet clamoring to be rescued from shipwrecks by that method.

Prof. Knox of the Seattle Mental Institute, says that if a person will think it strong enough, he will live forever. Wonder how soon he expects to die.

Pennsylvania, in consequence of a big cabbage crop, will be in no danger of a sauer kraut famine, and rejoicing is germane to the occasion.

A Long Island judge has ruled that \$3,000 a year is "plenty for the education of any girl of 16." Some of the girls will regard him as a mean old thing.

The Panama canal gates will weigh 60,000 tons. It will be some Halloween stunt for the international bad boy to hang them on a neighbor's fence.

A Virginia man is unable to remember his own name. He ought to be valuable as a professional juror or a dummy director for some of the big trusts.

It has been demonstrated that small children like rag dolls better than expensive kinds of dolls. At their tender age the price tag has not got them bluffed.

A man fell three feet last week and broke his neck. On the same day a man fell a mile in an aeroplane and was not injured. Pedestrians should carry aeroplanes.

When men have succeeded perfectly in swimming like a fish and flying like a bird, there will remain for mankind to emulate the basking in fire of a salamander.

San Francisco points with pride to the fact that she has three suburbs with a combined population of more than 200,000, and in that respect beats any other American city except New York.

Uncle Sam wisely believes that the woman who can afford to spend thousands abroad for jewelry and gowns with which to dazzle the folks at home can also afford to pay the duty on them.

From the later returns it would seem that the common people of England do not score at "American dollars" much worse than the nobility do. They cannot take them quite so enthusiastically as the titled element, because they get them in much smaller amounts.

One From the Cashier.
The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."
"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.
Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump." Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.
Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bust' hisself."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?" "I dunno."

"What did you tell him?" "Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banded de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.
The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and white-wash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a pow'ful good white-washer, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.
If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot And with the optimists agree That trouble's soon forgot.

You'll be surprised to find, I guess, Despite misfortune's darts, What constant springs of happiness Lie hid in human hearts;

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, How soft and warm the lovelight beams When you are growing old.

Acted Like the Genuine.
"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."
"Bogus, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.
"Grouchily—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,190. Moxley—Is that so?"

Grouchily—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?

Thanks to Burnt Cork.
"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.
The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300.

The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves.

Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for Her.
"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the lunchroom.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "E-g-g-s," the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

The League of Politeness.
The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecile Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."
Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

How She Learned.
The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend. "John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why her learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.
The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.
Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed—was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

A Medical Compromise.
"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.
Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed.

At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, Ol'm desavin th' crayture. Evvry toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Exaggeration.
On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and, although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want to see the man who was run over.' 'No; hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

Retraction.
"You shouldn't have called that man a pig," said the conciliatory man.

"That's right," replied the vindictive person. "There is no sense in implying that he's worth 40 cents a pound to anybody."

Blissful Ignorance.
"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

Economy in Art.
"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Home Thought.
"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"

"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.
The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Our Voices.
I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceeded to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

WAS TOO PUBLIC FOR HIM

Mild Mannered Little Man Has Very Embarrassing Experience on Street.

He was a mild-mannered little man, short, with gray hair and spectacles. It was noon on Washington street, and as usual the crowds were shoving and pushing to get somewhere. The little man was trying to worm his way through the crowds.

A well-dressed woman, accompanied by a small boy, was mixed up in the crowd. She wanted to cross the street. The boy stopped to look in a window.

The lady reached down and grasped a hand, saying: "Take my hand, dear."

"Not right here on the public street," she was startled to hear some one reply.

Looking down she saw that she was clasping the hand of the very inoffensive little man, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed.

"Sir!" said she, haughtily, "I don't want you; I want my son."—Boston Traveler.

AND GO AHEAD SLOWLY.



Philosopher—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance.

Student—What is that?

Philosopher—When you are sure you are right, you should suspect that you are wrong.

Wants a Long Engagement.
"Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked after she had consented to be his.

"Yes, dearest," she replied. "I have always thought it was such a mistake for two people to rush into matrimony before they learned to really know each other."

"Well, about how long would you wish the engagement to be?"

"Let me see. Would you think it was too long if we did not get married until a week from next Thursday?"

COLDS Cured in One Day



"I regard my cold-cure as being better than a Life Insurance Policy."

MUNYON.

As a rule a few doses of Munyon's Cold Cure will break up any cold and prevent pneumonia. It relieves the head, throat and lungs almost instantly. These little sugar pellets can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket for use at any time or anywhere. Price 25 cents at any druggist.

If you need Medical Advice write to Munyon's Doctors. They will carefully diagnose your case and give you advice by mail absolutely free. Address: Prof. Munyon, 532 and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homestead in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these districts and bank a profit of \$10.00 or \$12.00 an acre every year.

Land purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. You can

Become Rich
by cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homesteaded and pre-emption areas, as well as land held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, good railways. For settlers' rates, descriptive literature, "Last Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

C. E. Beaghton, 419 Merchants B. & C. Bldg., Chicago W. H. Rogers, 84 West Franklin Street, St. Louis, Mo. Geo. A. Hall, 125 5th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Free Homesteads for All In the most fertile district in Western Canada, railroads running through it in every direction. You can obtain land within a few miles of a siding at \$10 per acre by South African Scrip. Yields this fall, oats, 30-35 bushels to the acre, wheat, 25-30 bushels to the acre. For free literature, maps and full information, write to John E. Woodward, Deputy Surveyor of Lands, Prince Albert, Sask.

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What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not carry our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 73.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits, and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain-tag because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about.

Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash

as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.